

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleue your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but
beleue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'st me.

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare by it that you loue mee, and I will
make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no fawce that can be deuised to it, I pro-
test I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You haue flayed me in a happy howre, I was a-
bout to protest I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, nor for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarry sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easie be friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O
that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they
come to take hands, and then with publike accusation
vncouered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper
saying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, she is wrong'd, she is slandered,
she is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testi-
monie, a goodly Count, Comfekt, a sweet Gallant sure-
lie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is mel-
ted into curfies, valour into complement, and men are
onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now
as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and sweares it:
I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a wo-
man with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue thee.
Beat. Vse it for my loue some other way then swea-
ring by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count *Claudio*
hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I
will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand *Claudio*
shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me,
so thinke of me: goe comfort your cousin, I must say she
is dead, and so farewell.

*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke
in gownes.*

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley. O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be ex-
amin'd, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is
your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Kemp. Pray write downe *Borachio*, Yours sirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kee. Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: mal-
factors, doe you serue God: masters, it is proued already
that you are little better than false knaues, and it will goe
neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your
felues?

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I
will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word
in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false
knaues.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in
a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to ex-
amine, you must call forth the watch that are their ac-
cusers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the esteest way, let the watch
come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name,
accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes
brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write downe, *Prince Iohn* a villaine: why this
is flat periuire, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bor. Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke
I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Marry that he had receiued a thousand Du-
kates of *Don Iohn*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrong-
fully.

Kem.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Conf. Yea by th'masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his
words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and
not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euer-
lasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny,
Prince Iohn is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero*
was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd,
and vpon the grieffe of this sodainely died: Master Con-
stable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*,
I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Conf. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sext. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Kemp. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write
downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them
thou naughty varlet.

Cowley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not
suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee
downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse:
though it be not written down, yet forget not y I am an
asse: No thou villaine, y art full of pecty as shall be prou'd
vpon thee by good witness, I am a wise fellow, and
which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houshold-
der, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in
Mellina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich
fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses,
and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing hand-
some about him: bring him away: O that I had been write
downe an asse! *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And 'tis not wisdom to thus to second grieffe,
Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a sieue: giue not me counsaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,

But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine,
Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,
Whose toy of her is ouerwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,

Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a grieffe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,
Patch grieffe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,

And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that grieffe,
Which they themselves not feelee, but tasting it,
Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,

Would giue preceptia

Fetter strong madnesse

Charme ache with ayre

No, no, 'tis all mens off

To those that wring vr

But no mans vertue nor

To be so morall, when

The like himselfe: ther

My griefs cry lowder t

Broth. Therein do r

Leonato. I pray thee

For there was neuer yet

That could endure the

How euer they haue wr

And made a push at cha

Brother. Yet bend r

Make those that doe of

Leon. There thou sp

My soule doth tell me,

And that shall *Claudio* b

And all of them that th

Enter Pri

Broth. Here comes th

Prim. Good den, go

Clau. Good day to

Leon. Heare you my

Prim. We haue som

Leo. Some haste my

Are you so hasty now?

Prim. Nay, do not q

Broth. If he could rit

Some of vs would lie l

Clau. Who wrong

Leon. Marry y dost

Nay, neuer lay thy han

I feare thee not.

Clau. Marry best

If it should giue your a

Infaith my hand mean

Leonato. Tush, tush

I speake not like a dot

As vnder priuiledge of

What I haue done bein

Were I not old, know

Thou hast so wrong'd

That I am forc'd to lay

And with grey haire a

Doe challenge thee to

I say thou hast belied

Thy slander hath gone

And she lies buried wi

O in a tombe where ne

Saueth this of hers, fram

Clau. My villany

Leonato. Thine *Clau*

Prim. You say not ri

Leon. My Lord, my

He proueth it on his bod

Despight his nice fence

His Maie of youth, and

Clau. Away, I wil

Leo. Canst thou so

If thou kilst me, boy, th

Bro. He shall kill

But that's no matter, l